

CHORUS. *For a' the joys that gowd can gie,*

*Both. I dinna care a single flie!*

The { *lad* } I love's the { *lad* }  
           { *lass* }                                    { *lass* } *for me,*

*And that's my ain dear* { *Willy.*  
   { *Philly.*

*He.* O PHILLY, happy be that day  
 When, roving thro' the gather'd hay,  
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,  
       And by thy charms, my Philly.

*She.* O, Willy, ay I bless the grove  
 Where first I own'd my maiden love,  
 Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above  
       To be my ain dear Willy.

*He.* As songsters of the early year  
 Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,  
 So ilka day to me mair dear  
       And charming is my Philly.

*She.* As on the brier the budding rose  
 Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,  
 So in my tender bosom grows  
       The love I bear my Willy.

*He.* The milder sun and bluer sky,  
 That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,  
 Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye  
       As is a sight o' Philly.

*She.* The little swallow's wanton wing,  
 Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,  
 Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,  
       As meeting o' my Willy.

*He.* The bee, that thro' the sunny hour  
 Sips nectar in the op'ning flower,  
 Compar'd wi' my delight is poor  
       Upon the lips o' Philly.

*She.* The woodbine in the dewy weat,  
 When ev'ning shades in silence meet,  
 Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet  
       As is a kiss o' Willy.

*He.* Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,  
 And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;  
 My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,  
       And that's my ain dear Philly.

*She.* What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?  
 I dinna care a single flie!  
 The lad I love's the lad for me,  
       And that's my ain dear Willy.

No. 51. *Adown winding Nith I did wander.*Tune: *The muckin' o' Geordy's byre.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 33.

*Slow*



A - down wind - ing Nith I did wan - der To  
 mark the sweet flowers as they spring; A - down winding Nith I did  
 CHORUS.  
 wan - der Of Phil - lis to muse and to sing. A -  
 wa wi' your belles and your beau - ties, They nev - er wi'  
 her can com - pare! Wha - ev - er hae met wi' my  
 Phil - lis, Has met wi' the queen o' the Fair.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander  
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;  
 Adown winding Nith I did wander  
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS. *Awa wi' your belles and your beauties—  
 They never wi' her can compare!  
 Whae'er hae met wi' my Phillis,  
 Has met wi' the queen o' the Fair.*

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,  
 So artless, so simple, so wild;  
 'Thou emblem,' said I, 'o' my Phillis'—  
 For she is Simplicity's child.

The rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,  
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :  
 How fair and how pure is the lily !  
 But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,  
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :  
 Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,  
 Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song o' the morning,  
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,  
 When Phebus peeps over the mountains  
 On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting !  
 The bloom of a fine summer's day !  
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis,  
 Will flourish without a decay.



No. 52. *Here is the glen, and here the bower.*

Tune : *Banks of Cree.* (Unknown.)

HERE is the glen, and here the bower  
 All underneath the birchen shade,  
 The village bell has told the hour—  
 O, what can stay my lovely maid ?  
 'Tis not Maria's whispering call—  
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,  
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall  
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear ;—  
 So calls the woodlark in the grove  
 His little faithful mate to cheer :  
 At once 'tis music and 'tis love !  
 And art thou come ? and art thou true ?  
 O, welcome, dear, to love and me,  
 And let us all our vows renew  
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.

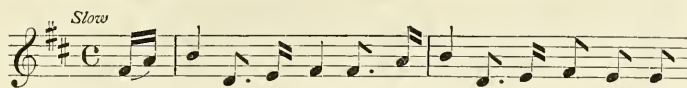
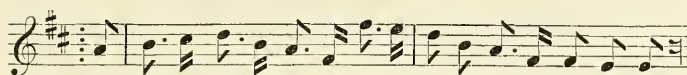
No. 53. *O, wert thou in the cauld blast.*Tune: *Lenox love to Blantyre.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 483.

*Slow*

O, wert thou in the cauld blast On yon - der lea, on  
 yon - der lea, My plaid - ie to the an - gry airt, I'd  
 shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee; Or did Mis - for - tune's  
 bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, a - round thee blaw, Thy  
 bield should be my bo - som, To share it a', to share it a'.

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast  
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
 My plaidie to the angry airt,  
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;  
 Or did Misfortune's bitter storms  
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
 Thy bield should be my bosom,  
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
 The desert were a paradise,  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there;  
 Or were I monarch of the globe,  
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
 The brightest jewel in my crown  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

No. 54. *Ilk care and fear, when thou art near.*Tune : *Braes o' Balquhiddier.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 193.CHORUS. *And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, And I'll kiss thee o'er a-gain;**And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, My bon - ie Peg - gy A - li - son.*

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near, I ev - er mair de - fy them, O ;



Young kings upon their hansel throne Are no sae blest as I am, O !

CHORUS. *And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,  
And I'll kiss thee o'er again ;  
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,  
My bonie Peggy Alison.*

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,  
I ever mair defy them, O ;  
Young kings upon their hansel throne  
Are no sae blest as I am, O !

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,  
I clasp my countless treasure, O ;  
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share  
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !

And by thy een, sae bonie blue,  
I swear I'm thine for ever, O !  
And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
And break it shall I never, O !

No. 55. *On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells.*Tune: *The butcher boy.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 304.*

*Slowly*

On Cessnock banks a las - sie dwells; Could I describe her  
 shape and mien; Our las - sies a' she far ex - cels; An' she has twa  
 sparkling, rogueish een; She's sweet - er than the morning dawn, When  
 ris - ing Phoe - bus first is seen; When dew - drops twin - kle  
 o'er the lawn; An' she has twa sparkling rogue - ish een.

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;  
 Could I describe her shape and mien;  
 Our lasses a' she far excels;  
 An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,  
 When rising Phœbus first is seen;  
 When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;  
 An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,  
 That grows the cowslip braes between,  
 And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;  
 An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,  
 With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,  
 When purest in the dewy morn;  
 An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,  
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene ;  
While birds rejoice on every spray ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist,  
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,  
When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,  
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,  
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,  
The pride of all the flowery scene,  
Just opening on its thorny stem ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her bosom's like the nightly snow,  
When pale the morning rises keen ;  
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,  
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen ;  
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,  
That sunny walls from Boreas screen ;  
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,  
With fleeces newly washen clean :  
That slowly mount the rising steep,  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze  
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean ;  
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,  
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen ;  
'Tis the mind that shines in every grace,  
An' chiefly in her rogueish een.

No. 56. *O Mary, at thy window be.*Tune : *Duncan Davison.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 149.

*Andante*

O, Ma - ry at thy window be, It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !

Those smiles and glances let me see, That make the miser's treasure poor.

How blithely wad I bide the stoure, A weary slave frae sun to sun,

Could I the rich re - ward secure—The love - ly Ma - ry Mor - i - son.

O MARY, at thy window be,  
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !  
 Those smiles and glances let me see,  
 That make the miser's treasure poor.  
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,  
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
 Could I the rich reward secure—  
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
 To thee my fancy took its wing,  
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw :  
 Tho' this was fair, and that was brav,  
 And yon the toast of a' the town,  
 I sigh'd and said among them a' ;—  
 'Ye are na Mary Morison !'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his  
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?  
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown ;  
 A thought ungentle canna be.  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.



No. 57. *Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?*Tune : *Ewe-bughts Marion.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 15.*Very slow*

Will ye go to the Indies, my Ma-ry, And leave auld Sco-tia's  
 shore? Will ye go to the Indies, my Ma - ry, A - cross th' At-  
 lan - tic roar? O, sweet grows the lime and the orange,  
 And the ap - ple on the pine; But a' the charms  
 o' the In - dies Can nev - er e - qual thine.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
 And leave auld Scotia's shore?  
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
 Across th' Atlantic roar?

O, sweet grows the lime and the orange,  
 And the apple on the pine;  
 But a' the charms o' the Indies  
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,  
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true,  
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,  
 When I forget my vow!

O, plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 And plight me your lily-white hand;  
 O, plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 Before I leave Scotia's strand!

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,  
 In mutual affection to join;  
 And curst be the cause that shall part us!  
 The hour and the moment o' time!

No. 58. *Flow gently, sweet Afton.*Tune: *Afton Water.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 386.

*Slow*

Flow gently, sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green braes, Flow gently, I'll  
sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-  
mur-ing stream, Flow gently, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;  
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;  
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,  
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

The crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As, gathering sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

No. 59. *Nae gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair.*Tune : M<sup>c</sup>Lauchlin's Scots-measure. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 117.*Slowly*

Nae gen - tle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair, Shall ev - er be my Mu -  
se's care: Their ti - tles a' are emp - ty show—Gie me my  
CHORUS.  
High - land las - sie, O. With - in the glen sae bush - y, O! A -  
boon the plain sae ra - shy, O! I set me down wif  
right gude will, To sing my High - land las - sie, O!

NAE gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair,  
Shall ever be my Muse's care :  
Their titles a' are empty show—  
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

## CHORUS.

*Within the glen sae bushy, O!  
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O!  
I set me down wif right gude will  
To sing my Highland lassie, O!*

O, were yon hills and vallyes mine,  
Yon palace and yon gardens fine,  
The world then the love should know

I bear my Highland lassie, O.

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,  
And I maun cross the raging sea ;  
But while my crimson currents flow  
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,  
I know her heart will never change ;  
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,  
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,  
For her I'll trace a distant shore,  
That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
By secret troth and honor's band !  
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

## CHORUS.

*Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O!  
Fareweel the plain sae rashy, O!  
To other lands I now must go  
To sing my Highland lassie, O!*

No. 60. *Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray.*Tune: *Captain Cook's death.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 279.

*Slow*

Thou ling'-ring star with less'-ning ray, That lov'st to greet  
the ear - ly morn, A - gain thou ush - er'st in the day  
My Ma - ry from my soul was torn. O Ma -  
ry, dear de - part - ed shade! Where is thy place of  
bliss - ful rest? See'st thou thy lov - er low - ly  
laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary, dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met  
To live one day of parting love?  
Eternity can not efface  
Those records dear of transports past,  
Thy image at our last embrace:  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

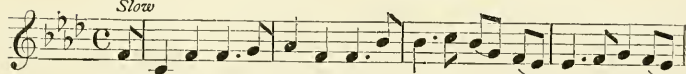
Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;  
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar  
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray;  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care.  
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 O Mary, dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

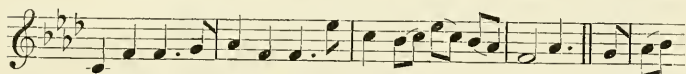
No. 61. *Ye banks and braes and streams around.*

Tune: *Lady Catherine Ogle. Apollo's Banquet, 1686.*

*Slow*



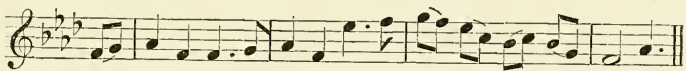
Ye banks and braes and streams around The castle o' Mont - go - mery, Green



be your woods and fair your flowers, Your wa - ters ne - ver drum - lie : There Sim -



mer first un - fold her robes, And there the lang - est tar - ry;



For there I took the last fareweel O' my sweet High-land Ma - ry.

YE banks and braes and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie:  
 There Simmer first unfold her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry;  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade,  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours on angel wings  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursel's asunder.  
 But O, fell Death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly;  
 And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance  
 That dwalt on me sae kindly;  
 And mouldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.



No. 62. *Tho' cruel fate should bid us part.*

Tune: *She rose and let me in.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 14.

*Slowly* *tr*

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part Far as the pole and line; Her  
 dear i-dea round my heart Should ten-der-ly en-twine. Tho' moun-tains  
 rise, and des-erts howl, And o-ceans roar be-tween; Yet,  
 dear-er than my death-less soul, I still would love my Jean.



Tho' cruel fate should bid us part  
 Far as the pole and line,  
 Her dear idea round my heart  
 Should tenderly entwine.  
 Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,  
 And oceans roar between;  
 Yet dearer than my deathless soul  
 I still would love my Jean.

No. 63. *Altho' my back be at the wa'.*

Tune : *The job of journey work.* From Burns's MS. (Key G).

*Brisk*

Al-tho' my back be at the wa', And tho' he be the fau-tor, Al - tho'  
 my back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in wa-ter! O, wae gae  
 by his wan-ton sides, Sae braw-lie's he could flat-ter; Till for  
 his sake I'm slighted sair, And dree the kin - tra clat-ter! But,  
 tho' my back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in wa - ter!

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',  
 And tho' he be the fautor,  
 Altho' my back be at the wa',  
 Yet here's his health in water!  
 O, wae gae by his wanton sides,  
 Sae brawlie's he could flatter;  
 Till for his sake I'm slighted sair  
 And dree the kintra clatter!  
 But, tho' my back be at the wa',  
 Yet here's his health in water!

No. 64. *When first I came to Stewart Kyle.*Tune: *I had a horse, and I had nae mair.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1788, No. 185.

*Moderate time*

When first I came to Stew-art Kyle My mind it was na steady; Wher-  
e'er I gaed, wher - e'er I rade, A - mistress still I had ay: But when  
I came roun' by Mauchline toun, Not dreadin an - y bo - dy, My  
heart was caught, be - fore I thought, And by a Mauch-line la - dy.

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle  
My mind it was na steady;  
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,  
A mistress still I had ay;  
But when I came roun' by Mauchline toun,  
Not dreadin any body,  
My heart was caught, before I thought,  
And by a Mauchline lady.

No. 65. *In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles.*Tune: *Bonie Dundee.*

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,  
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a',  
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,  
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a'.  
Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,  
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;  
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,  
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.



No. 66. *O thou pale Orb that silent shines.*Tune : *Scots Queen.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 190.*

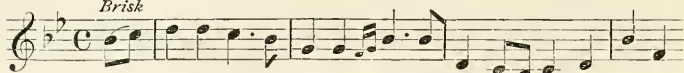
*Slow*

O thou pale Orb that si - lent shines While care - un - trou - bled  
 mor - tals sleep! Thou see'st a wretch who in - ly pines, And wan -  
 ders here to wail and weep! With woe I night-ly vi -  
 gils keep Be - neath thy wan, un - warm - ing beam; And mourn, in  
 la - men - ta - tion deep, How life and love are all a dream!

O THOU pale Orb that silent shines  
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep!  
 Thou seest a wretch who inly pines,  
 And wanders here to wail and weep!  
 With woe I nightly vigils keep,  
 Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;  
 And mourn, in lamentation deep,  
 How life and love are all a dream!

O, thou bright Queen, who o'er th'expanses  
 Now highest reign'st with boundless sway!  
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance  
 Observ'd us, fondly-wan'dring, stray!  
 The time, unheeded, sped away,  
 While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,  
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,  
 To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

O scenes in strong remembrance set!  
 Scenes, never, never to return!  
 Scenes if in stupor I forget,  
 Again I feel, again I burn!  
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,  
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro',  
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn  
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

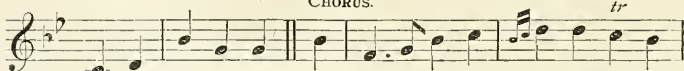
No. 67. *Again rejoicing Nature sees.*Tune : *Jockey's gray breeks.* Cal. *Pocket Companion*, c. 1745, ii. p. 32.*Brisk*

A - gain re - joic - ing Nature sees Her robe as - sume its ver - nal

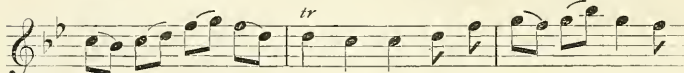


hues; Her lea - fy locks wave in the breeze, All fresh - ly

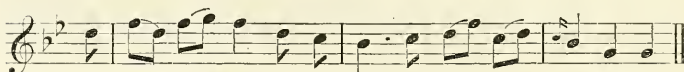
CHORUS.



steep'd in morn-ing dews. And maun I still on Me - nie doat, And



bear the scorn that's in her e'e? For it's jet, jet black, and



it's like a hawk, And it win - na let a bo - dy be!

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees

Her robe assume its vernal hues;

Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,

All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS. *And maun I still on Menie doat,**And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?**For it's jet, jet-black, and it's like a hawk,**And it winna let a body be!*

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,

In vain to me the vi'lets spring;

In vain to me in glen or shaw,

The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,

Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,

But life to me's a weary dream,

A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,

Among the reeds the ducklings cry,

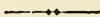
And stately swan majestic swims,

And ev'rything is blest but I.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,  
 And o'er the moorlands whistles shill,  
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,  
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,  
 And mounts and sings on flittering wings,  
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging, bend the naked tree ;  
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,  
 When Nature all is sad like me !



No. 68. *Tho' women's minds like winter winds.*

Tune : *For a' that.*

Tho' women's minds like winter winds  
 May shift, and turn, an' a' that,  
 The noblest breast adores them maist—  
 A consequence, I draw that.

CHORUS. *For a' that, an' a' that,  
 And twice as mickle's a' that,  
 The bonie lass that I loe best,  
 She'll be my ain for a' that!*

Great love I bear to a' the fair,  
 Their humble slave, an' a' that ;  
 But lordly will, I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

But there is ane aboon the lave  
 Has wit, and sense, an' a' that ;  
 A bonie lass, I like her best,  
 And wha a crime dare ca' that ?

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that,  
 But for how lang the flie may stang,  
 Let inclination law that.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,  
 They've taen me in an' a' that,  
 But clear your decks, and here 's—'The sex' !  
 I like the jads for a' that !

No. 69. *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.*Tune: *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.* *Scots Mus. Museum*, 1790, No. 235.*Slow*


Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dear-ly like the west, For there the  
 bonie las-sie lives, The las-sie I lo'e best: There's wild-woods grow, and  
 riv-ers row, And mony a hill be-tween, But day and night  
 my fan-cy's flight, Is ev-er wi' my Jean. I see her in  
 the dew-y flowers, I see her sweet and fair: I hear her  
 in the tune-fu' birds, I hear her charm the air: There's not  
 a bon-ie flower that springs By foun-tain, shaw, or green,  
 There's not a bon-ie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonie lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e best.  
 There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
 And mony a hill between,  
 But day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair:  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air:  
 There's not a bonie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green,  
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

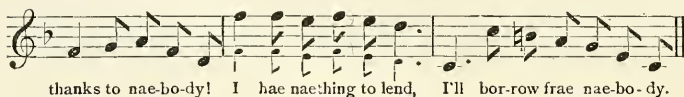
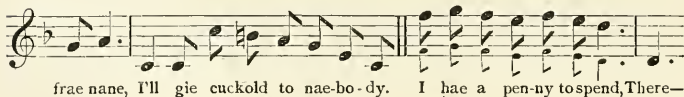
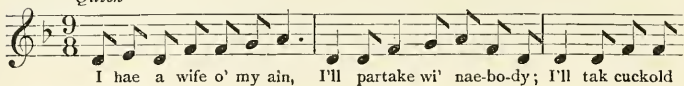
No. 70. *O, how can I be blythe and glad?*

Tune: *The bonie lad that's far awa.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 317.

*Slow*

O, how can I be blythe and glad, Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
 When the bon - ie lad that I lo'e best Is o'er the hills and far a-wa? When the  
 bo - nie lad that I lo'e best Is o'er the hills and far a - wa!

O, how can I be blythe and glad,  
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
 When the bonie lad that I lo'e best } *bis*  
 Is o'er the hills and far awa.  
 It's no the frosty winter wind,  
 It's no the driving drift and snaw ;  
 But ay the tear comes in my e'e } *bis*  
 To think on him that's far awa.  
 My father pat me frae his door,  
 My friends they hae disown'd me a' ;  
 But I hae ane will tak my part— } *bis*  
 The bonie lad that's far awa.  
 A pair o' glooves he bought to me,  
 And silken snoods he gae me twa,  
 And I will wear them for his sake, } *bis*  
 The bonie lad that's far awa.  
 O, weary winter soon will pass,  
 And spring will clead the birken-shaw,  
 And my sweet baby will be born, } *bis*  
 And he'll be hame that's far awa.

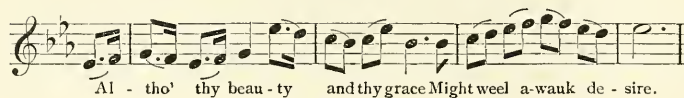
No. 71. *I hae a wife o' my ain.*Tune : *I hae a wife o' my ain.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 352.*Quick*

I HAE a wife o' my ain,  
I'll partake wi' naebody;  
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,  
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,  
There—thanks to naebody!  
I hae naething to lend,  
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,  
I'll be slave to naebody:  
I hae a gude braid-sword,  
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,  
I'll be sad for naebody,  
Naebody cares for me,  
I care for naebody.

No. 72. *It is na, Jean, thy bonie face.*Tune : *The maid's complaint.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 333.*Slow*

to love, I find; But, dear as is thy  
 form to me, Still dear - er is thy mind.

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face  
 Nor shape that I admire,  
 Altho' thy beauty and thy grace  
 Might weel awauk desire.  
 Something in ilka part o' thee  
 To praise, to love, I find;  
 But, dear as is thy form to me,  
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,  
 Nor stronger in my breast,  
 Than, if I canna mak thee sae,  
 At least to see thee blest.  
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give  
 But happiness to thee,  
 And, as wi' thee I'd wish to live,  
 For thee I'd bear to die.

No. 73. *Louis, what reck I by thee?*

Tune: *Louis, what reck.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 414.  
*Boldly*

Lou-is, what reck I by thee, Or Geordie on his o - cean?  
 Dy - vor beg-gar loons to me! I reign in Jea - nie's bo - som.

Louis, what reck I by thee,  
 Or Geordie on his ocean?  
 Dyvor beggar loons to me!  
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,  
 And in her breast enthrone me:  
 Kings and nations—swith awa!  
 Reif randies, I disown ye!



No. 74. *O, were I on Parnassus' hill.*Tune: *My love is lost to me.* Caledonian Pocket Companion, 1753, v. p. 25.*Mod. quick*

The musical score is written on five staves of music in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Mod. quick'. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. A trill is indicated above the word 'On' in the fourth line of the score.

O, were I on Par - nas - sus' hill! Or had o' He - li -  
 con my fill, That I might catch po - e - tic skill To  
 sing how dear I love thee! But Nith maun be my Mu -  
 se's well, My Muse maun be thy bo - nie sel', On,  
 Cor-sin-con I'll glow'r and spell, And write how dear I love thee.

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill,  
 Or had o' Helicon my fill,  
 That I might catch poetic skill  
 To sing how dear I love thee!  
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,  
 My Muse maun be thy bonie sel',  
 On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,  
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!  
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day  
 I couldna sing, I couldna say  
 How much, how dear I love thee.  
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
 Thy tempting lips, thy rogueish een—  
 By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,  
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame,  
 And ay I muse and sing thy name—  
 I only live to love thee.  
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,  
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
 Till my last weary sand was run;  
 Till then—and then—I'd love thee!



No. 75. *Out over the Forth, I look to the north.*Tune: *Charles Graham's welcome home.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1796, No. 421.

*Slow*

Out o - ver the Forth, I look to the north—But what is the north and  
its High-lands to me? The south nor the east gie ease to my breast, The  
far foreign land, or the wide roll-ing sea! But I look to the west, When I  
gae to rest, That hap-py my dreams and my slumbers may be; For far in  
the west lives he I lo'e best, The man that is dear to my ba-bie and me.

Out over the Forth, I look to the north—  
But what is the north, and its Highlands to me?  
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,  
The far foreign land or the wide rolling sea!

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,  
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;  
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,  
That man that is dear to my babie and me.

No. 76. *For thee is laughing Nature gay.*Tune: *Scots Queen* (see No. 66).

For thee is laughing Nature gay,  
For thee she pours the vernal day:  
For me in vain is Nature drest,  
While Joy's a stranger to my breast.

No. 77. *Your friendship much can make me blest.*Tune: *Banks of Spey*. Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 186.

*Very slow*

Your friend-ship much can make me blest—O, why that bliss de -  
 stroy? Why urge the only, one re - - - quest You know  
 I will de - ny? Your thought, if Love must har - bour  
 there, Con - ceal it in that thought, Nor cause me  
 from my bo - som tear The ve - ry friend I sought.

YOUR friendship much can make me blest—  
 O, why that bliss destroy?  
 Why urge the only, one request  
 You know I will deny?  
 Your thought, if Love must harbour there,  
 Conceal it in that thought,  
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear  
 The very friend I sought.

No. 78. *Thine am I, my faithful fair.*Tune: *The Quaker's Wife* (see No. 40).

THINE am I, my faithful fair,  
 Thine my lovely Nancy!  
 Every pulse along my veins,  
 Ev'ry roving fancy!  
 To thy bosom lay my heart  
 There to throb and languish:  
 Tho' despair had wrung its core,  
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips  
 Rich with balmy treasure!  
 Turn away thine eyes of love,  
 Lest I die with pleasure!  
 What is life when wanting love?  
 Night without a morning:  
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,  
 Nature gay adorning.

No. 79. *Behold the hour, the boat arrive!*Tune : *Oran gaol.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 273.

*Slow*

Be - hold the hour, the boat ar - rive! Thou go - est, the dar - ling  
of my heart! Sever'd from thee, can I sur - vive? But  
Fate has will'd and we must part. I'll oft - en greet the  
surg - ing swell, Yon dis - tant isle will oft - en hail :— 'E'en here I  
took the last fare - well; There, la - test mark'd her van - ish'd sail!

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!  
Thou goest, the darling of my heart!  
Sever'd from thee, can I survive?  
But Fate has will'd and we must part.  
I'll often greet the surging swell,  
Yon distant isle will often hail :—  
'E'en here I took the last farewell;  
There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail!

Along the solitary shore,  
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,  
Across the rolling, dashing roar,  
I'll westward turn my wistful eye :—  
'Happy, thou Indian grove,' I'll say,  
'Where now my Nancy's path may be!  
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,  
O, tell me, does she muse on me?'

No. 80. *Clarinda, mistress of my soul.*Tune : *Clarinda.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 198.**Slow*

Clar - in - da, mis - tress of my soul, The mea - sur'd  
time is run! The wretch be - neath the  
drear - y pole So marks his la - test sun.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,  
The measur'd time is run!  
The wretch beneath the dreary pole  
So marks his latest sun.  
To what dark cave of frozen night  
Shall poor Sylvander hie,  
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,  
The sun of all his joy?  
We part—but, by these precious drops  
That fill thy lovely eyes,  
No other light shall guide my steps,  
Till thy bright beams arise!  
She, the fair sun of all her sex,  
Has blest my glorious day;  
And shall a glimmering planet fix  
My worship to its ray?

No. 81. *Now in her green mantle blythe  
Nature arrays.*

Tune : *There are few good fellows when Jamie's awa.*

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,  
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,  
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw,  
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.  
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn.  
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,  
They mind me o' Nanie,—and Nanie's awa!

Thou lav'rock, that springs frae the dew's of the lawn,  
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,  
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa',  
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come Autumn, sae pensive in yellow and grey,  
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay!  
The dark, dreary winter and wild driving snaw  
Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

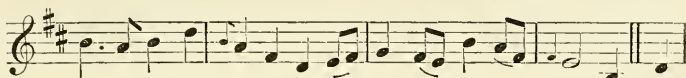
No. 82. *O May, thy morn was ne'er so sweet.*

Tune : *The rashes.* Caledonian Pocket Companion, 1753, v. p. 26.

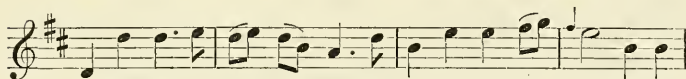
*Moderate time*



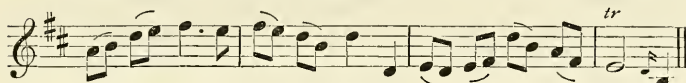
O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet As the mirk night o' De - cem - ber! For



spark - ling was the ro - sy wine, And pri - vate was the cham - ber: And



dear was she I dare na name, But I will ay re - mem - ber: And



dear was she I dare na name; But I will ay re - mem - ber.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet  
As the mirk night o' December!  
For sparkling was the rosy wine,  
And private was the chamber:  
And dear was she I dare na name, } *bis*  
But I will ay remember.

And here's to them that, like oursel,  
Can push about the jorum;  
And here's to them that wish us weel—  
May a' that's guid watch o'er 'em;  
And here's to them we dare na tell, } *bis*  
The dearest o' the quorum!

No. 83. *Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December.*Tune: *Thro' the lang moor.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 499.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. It begins with a 'Slow' tempo marking. The melody features several trills, indicated by 'tr' above the notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The score consists of six staves of music.

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloom-y De - cem - ber! Ance mair I  
 hail thee wi' sor-row and care! Sad was the part-ing thou makes  
 me re - mem - ber; Part-ing wi' Nan - cy, O, ne'er to meet mair!  
 Fond lov - ers' part - ing is sweet, pain-ful pleas - ure, Hope beam-  
 ing mild on the soft part-ing hour; But the dire feel-ing, O, fare-  
 well for ev - er! An-guish un-min-gled and a - go - ny pure!

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care!

Sad was the parting thou makes me remember;

Parting wi' Nancy, O, ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,

Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;

But the dire feeling, O, farewell for ever!

Anguish unmingled and agony pure!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,

Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown—

Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,

Till my last hope and last comfort is gone!

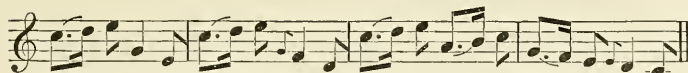
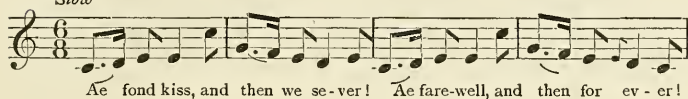


Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,  
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;  
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember ;  
 Parting wi' Nancy, O, ne'er to meet mair !

No. 84. *Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !*

Tune : *Rory Dall's Port.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 347.

*Slow*



Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !  
 Ae farewell, and then for ever !  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?  
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,  
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—  
 Naething could resist my Nancy !  
 But to see her was to love her,  
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
 Never met—or never parted—  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !  
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure !

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !  
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever !  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

No. 85. *Sensibility how charming.*Tune: *Cornwallis's lament.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 329.*Plaintive*

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four lines of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are trills (tr) above the notes for 'Nancy' and 'ray'.

Sen - si - bil - i - ty how charm - ing, Dear - est Nan - cy, thou canst  
 tell; But dis - tress with hor - rors arm - ing, Thou a - las! hast known too well!  
 Fair - est flow - er, be - hold the li - ly Bloom - ing in 'the sun - ny ray :  
 Let the blast sweep o'er the val - ley, See it pros - trate in the clay.

SENSIBILITY how charming,  
 Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell;  
 But distress with horrors arming,  
 Thou alas! hast known too well!  
 Fairest flower, behold the lily  
 Blooming in the sunny ray :  
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, } *bis*  
 See it prostrate in the clay.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,  
 Telling o'er his little joys;  
 But alas! a prey the surest  
 To each pirate of the skies.  
 Dearly bought the hidden treasure  
 Finer feelings can bestow :  
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure } *bis*  
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

No. 86. *From the white-blossom'd sloe.*

(Tune unknown.)

FROM the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloris requested  
 A sprig, her fair breast to adorn :  
 'No, by Heaven!'—I exclaim'd—'let me perish for ever,  
 Ere I plant in that bosom a thorn!'



No. 87. *Wilt thou be my dearie?*Tune : *The sutor's dochter.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 470.

*Slow*

Wilt thou be my dear-ie? When sor-row wrings thy gen-tle heart, O,  
 wilt thou let me cheer thee? By the treasure of my soul—That's the love I bear  
 thee— I swear and vow that on - ly thou Shall ev - er be my dear-ie!  
 On - ly thou, I swear and vow Shall ev - er be my dear - ie.

WILT thou be my dearie?  
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,  
 O, wilt thou let me cheer thee?  
 By the treasure of my soul—  
 That's the love I bear thee—  
 I swear and vow that only thou  
 Shall ever be my dearie!  
 Only thou, I swear and vow,  
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me,  
 Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Say na thou't refuse me!  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may choose me,  
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me!  
 Lassie, let me quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me!

No. 88. *Why, why tell thy lover.*Tune : *Caledonian Hunt's delight* (see No. 123).

WHY, why tell thy lover'	O, why, while Fancy, raptur'd,
Bliss he never must enjoy?	slumbers,
Why, why undeceive him,	'Chloris, Chloris,' all the theme;
And give all his hopes the	Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
lie?	Wake thy lover from his dream?

No. 89. *Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou?*Tune: *De'il tak the Wars.* Durfey's *Pills*, 1719, i. p. 294.

*Cheerfully*

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fair - est crea-ture? Ro - sy morn now  
lifts his eye, Num - ber-ing il - ka bud, which Na-ture Wa - ters  
wi' the tears o' joy. Now to the stream-ing foun-tain Or  
up the heathy mountain The hart, hind, and roe, free-ly wild - ly wan - ton  
stray; In twining ha-zel bow'rs His lay the lin-net pours; The lave-rock to  
the sky Ascends wi sangs o' joy, While the sun and thou a-rise to bless the day.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?

Rosy morn now lifts his eye,

Numbering ilka bud, which Nature

Waters wi' the tears o' joy.

Now to the streaming fountain

Or up the heathy mountain

The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;

In twining hazel bow'rs

His lay the linnet pours;

The laverock to the sky

Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,

While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow of morning,

Banishes ilk darksome shade,

Nature gladdening and adorning;

Such to me my lovely maid!

When frae my Chloris parted

Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,

The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercastr my sky ;  
 But when she charms my sight  
 In pride of beauty's light,  
 When thro' my very heart  
 Her beaming glories dart—  
 'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy.

No. 90. *Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn.*

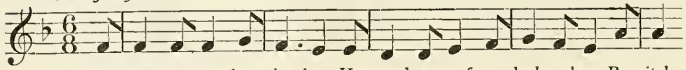
Tune : *Craigie-burn Wood.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 301.

*With expression*

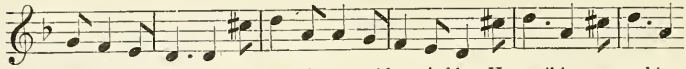
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn, And blythe awakes the morrow, But a' the pride o' Spring's return Can yield me nocht but sorrow. I see the flowers and spreading trees, I hear the wild birds singing; But what a weary wight can please, And Care his bosom wringing?

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,  
 And blythe awakes the morrow,  
 But a' the pride o' Spring's return  
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.  
 I see the flowers and spreading  
 trees,  
 I hear the wild birds singing ;  
 But what a weary wight can please,  
 And Care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,  
 Yet dare na for your anger ;  
 But secret love will break my heart,  
 If I conceal it langer.  
 If thou refuse to pity me,  
 If thou shalt love another,  
 When yon green leaves fade frae  
 the tree,  
 Around my grave they'll wither.

No. 91. *Sae flaxen were her ringlets.*Tune: *Oonagh's Waterfall.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 447.*Cheerfully*

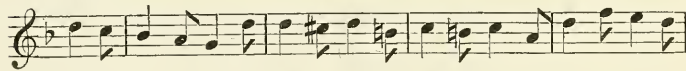
Sae flax - en were her ring-lets, Her eye-brows of a dark-er hue, Be-witch -



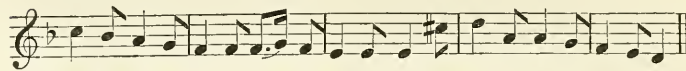
ing - ly o'er-arch-ing Twa laugh-ing een o' bon - ie blue, Her smil-ing, sae wyl-ing,



Wad make a wretch for-get his woe! What pleasure, what treasure, Un - to those



ro - sy lips to grow! Such was my Chloris' bon - ie face, When first that bon-ie



face I saw, And ay my Chloris' dearest charm—She says she lo'es me best of a'.

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,  
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,  
 Bewitchingly o'erarching  
 Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.  
 Her smiling, sae wyling,  
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe!  
 What pleasure, what treasure,  
 Unto those rosy lips to grow!  
 Such was my Chloris' bonie face,  
 When first that bonie face I saw,  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm—  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion,  
 Her pretty ankle is a spy  
 Betraying fair proportion  
 Wad mak a saint forget the sky!  
 Sae warming, sae charming,  
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;  
 Ilk feature—auld Nature  
 Declared that she could do nae mair!

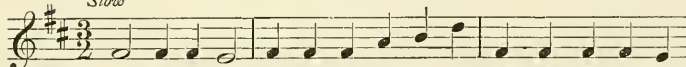
Hers are the willing chains o' love  
 By conquering Beauty's sovereign law,  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm—  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
 And gaudy show at sunny noon ;  
 Gie me the lonely valley,  
 The dewy eve, and rising moon,  
 Fair beaming, and streaming,  
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;  
 While falling, recalling,  
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang !  
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove  
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
 And say thou lo'es me best of a' ?

No. 92. *Can I cease to care ?*

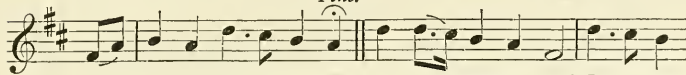
Tune : *Ay, waukin, O.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 213.

*Slow*



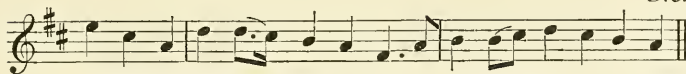
CHORUS. *Long, long the night, Heavy comes the mor-row, While my soul's de-light*

*Fine.*



*Is on her bed of sor-row. Can I cease to care? Can I cease*

*D.C.*



*to lan-guish, While my dar - ling fair Is on the couch of an - guish!*

CHORUS. *Long, long the night,  
 Heavy comes the morrow,  
 While my soul's delight  
 Is on her bed of sorrow.*

Ev'ry hope is fled,  
 Ev'ry fear is terror ;  
 Slumber ev'n I dread,  
 Ev'ry dream is horror.

CAN I cease to care ?  
 Can I cease to languish,  
 While my darling fair  
 Is on the couch of anguish !

Hear me, Powers divine !  
 O, in pity, hear me !  
 Take aught else of mine,  
 But my Chloris spare me !

No. 93. *Their groves o' sweet myrtle.*Tune: *Humours of Glen.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, p. 95.*Moderate time*

Their groves o' sweet myr-tle let foreign lands reckon, Where bright-beam -  
 ing sum-mers ex-alt the per-fume; Far dear-er to me yon lone glen o'  
 green breckan, Wi' the burn steal-ing un-der the lang, yel-low broom;  
 Far dearer to me are yon hum-ble broom bowers, Where the blue-bell and  
 gowan lurk low-ly, un-seen; For there, light-ly trip-ping A-mang the  
 wild flow-ers, A-list'ning the lin-net, aft wan-ders my Jean.

THEIR GROVES o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;  
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom;  
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
 Where the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly, unseen;  
 For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,  
 A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,  
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave,  
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,  
 What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and slave!  
 The slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains  
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;  
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,  
 Save Love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

No. 94. *Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion.*Tune : *Deil tak the Wars* (see No. 89).

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion  
 Round the wealthy, titled bride ;  
 But, when compar'd with real passion,  
 Poor is all that princely pride.  
 What are the showy treasures ?  
 What are the noisy pleasures ?  
 The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art !  
 The polish'd jewel's blaze  
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,  
 And courtly grandeur bright  
 The fancy may delight,  
 But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris  
 In simplicity's array,  
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,  
 Shrinking from the gaze of day !  
 O then, the heart alarming  
 And all resistless charming,  
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul !  
 Ambition would disown  
 The world's imperial crown !  
 Ev'n Avarice would deny  
 His worshipp'd deity,  
 And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll !

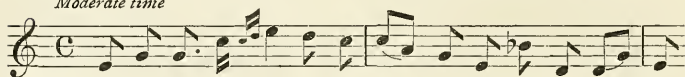
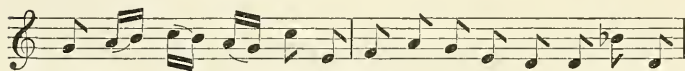
No. 95. *Ah, Chloris, since it may not be.*Tune : *Major Graham* (see No. 152).

AH, Chloris, since it may not be  
 That thou of love wilt hear,  
 If from the lover thou maun flee,  
 Yet let the friend be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair  
 Than ever tongue could tell,  
 My passion I will ne'er declare  
 I'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,  
 And a' my nightly dream,  
 I'll hide the struggle in my heart,  
 And say it is esteem.



No. 96. *I see a form, I see a face.*Tune: *This is no mine ain house.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 32.*Moderate time*CHORUS. *This is no my ain las-sie, Fair tho' the las-sie be; Weel**ken I my ain las-sie—Kind love is in her e'e. I see a**form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair-est place: It**wants to me the witch-ing grace, The kind love that's in her e'e.*

CHORUS. *This is no my ain lassie,  
Fair tho' the lassie be;  
Weel ken I my ain lassie—  
Kind love is in her e'e.*

I SEE a form, I see a face,  
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:  
It wants to me the witching grace,  
The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,  
And lang has had my heart in thrall;  
And ay it charms my very saul,  
The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,  
To steal a blink by a' unseen!  
But gleg as light are lovers' een,  
When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,  
It may escape the learned clerks;  
But well the watching lover marks  
The kind love that's in her e'e.

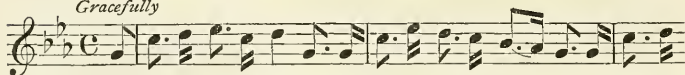


No. 97. *O, bonie was yon rosy brier.*Tune : *I wish my love were in a mire.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 5.*Moderate time*

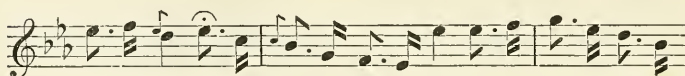
O, bon - ie was yon ro - - sy brier That blooms sae  
far frae haunt o' man, And bon - ie she—and ah, .  
how dear! It shad - ed frae the e'en - in sun. Yon  
rose - buds in the morn - ing dew, How pure a - mang  
the leaves sae green—But pur - - er was . the  
lo - ver's vow They wit-ness'd in their shade yestr - een.

O, BONIE was yon rosy brier  
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man,  
And bonie she—and ah, how dear!  
It shaded frae the e'enin sun.  
Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,  
How pure among the leaves sae green—  
But purer was the lover's vow  
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

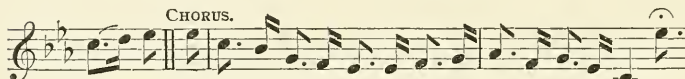
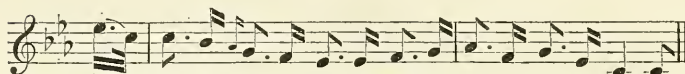
All in its rude and prickly bower,  
That crimson rose how sweet and fair;  
But love is far a sweeter flower  
Amid life's thorny path o' care.  
The pathless wild and wimpling burn,  
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine,  
And I the world nor wish nor scorn—  
Its joys and griefs alike resign!

No. 98. *O, wat ye wha that lo'es me.*Tune : *Morag.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 143.*Gracefully*

O, wat ye wha that lo'es me, And has my heart a keep-ing? O, sweet is



she that lo'es me As dew's o' sum-mer weep-ing, In tears the rose-buds

steep-ing! *O, that's the las-sie o' my heart, My las-sie ev-er dear-er;**O, that's the queen o' wo-man-kind And ne'er a ane to peer her!*

O, WAT ye wha that lo'es me,  
 And has my heart a keeping?  
 O, sweet is she that lo'es me  
 As dew's o' summer weeping,  
 In tears the rosebuds steeping!

CHORUS. *O, that's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie ever dearer;  
 O, that's the queen o' womankind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her!*

If thou shalt meet a lassie  
 In grace and beauty charming,  
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,  
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming:—

If thou hadst heard her talking  
 (And thy attention 's plighted),  
 That ilka body talking  
 But her, by thee is slighted,  
 And thou art all delighted:—



No. 100. *Behold, my love, how green the groves.*Tune : *On the cold ground.* Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1665.*Slowly*

Be-hold, my love, how green the groves, The prim-rose banks how fair!

The bal-my gales a-wake the flowers, and wave thy flax-en hair.

The lav'-rock shuns the pa-lace gay, And o'er the cot-tage sings:

For Na-ture smiles as sweet, I ween, To shep-herds as to kings.

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,  
 The primrose banks how fair!  
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,  
 And wave thy flaxen hair.  
 The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,  
 And o'er the cottage sings:  
 For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string  
 In lordly, lighted ha';  
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,  
 Blythe in the birken shaw.  
 The princely revel may survey  
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn;  
 But are their hearts as light as ours,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen,  
 In shepherd's phrase will woo:  
 The courtier tells a finer tale—  
 But is his heart as true?  
 These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck  
 That spotless breast o' thine:  
 The courtiers' gems may witness love—  
 But, 'tis na love like mine!

No. 101. *'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin.*Tune : *Laddie lie near me* (see No. 142).

'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin,  
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoin' :  
 'Twas the dear smile when naeboddy did mind us,  
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;  
 But tho' fell Fortune should fate us to sever,  
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest,  
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter—  
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter !

No. 102. *O, poortith cauld and restless love.*Tune : *Cauld kail* (see No. 228).

O, POORTITH cauld and restless love,  
 Ye wrack my peace between ye ;  
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,  
 An 'twere na for my Jeanie.

CHORUS. *O, why should Fate sic pleasure have  
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?  
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love  
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?*

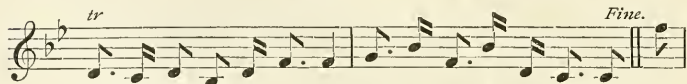
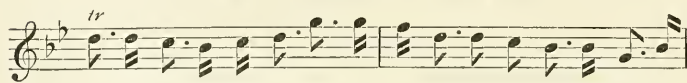
The world's wealth when I think on  
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't ;  
 My curse on silly coward man,  
 That he should be the slave o't !

Her een sae bonie blue betray  
 How she repays' my passion ;  
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,  
 She talks o' rank and fashion.

O, wha can prudence think upon,  
 And sic a lassie by him ?

O, wha can prudence think upon,  
 And sae 'in love, as I am ?

How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate !  
 He woos his artless dearie ;  
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,  
 Can never make him cerie.

No. 103. *Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea.*Tune : *Rothiemurché's rant*. Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, p. 42.CHORUS. *Las-sie wi' the lint-white locks, Bo-nie las-sie, art-less las-sie,**Will thou wi' me tent the flocks—Will thou be my dear-ie, O? Now*

Na-ture cleeds the flow-ery lea, And a' is young and sweet like thee, O,

*wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dear-ie, O?*

CHORUS. *Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,  
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,  
Will thou wi' me tent the flocks—  
Will thou be my dearie, O?*

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,  
And a' is young and sweet like thee,  
O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn,  
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,  
The wanton lambs at early morn  
Shall welcome thee, my dearie, O.

And when the welcome simmer shower  
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
We'll to the breathing woodbine-bower  
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
The weary shearer's hameward way,  
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast  
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,  
Enclasp'd to my faithfu' breast,  
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

No. 104. *Come, let me take thee to my breast.*Tune : *Cauld Kail* (see No. 228).

COME, let me take thee to my breast,  
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder,  
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust  
 The world's wealth and grandeur ;  
 And do I hear my Jeanie own  
 That equal transports move her ?  
 I ask for dearest life alone,  
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' her charms,  
 I clasp my countless treasure,  
 I'll seek nae mair o' heav'n to share  
 Than sic a moment's pleasure :  
 And by thy een sae bonie blue  
 I swear I'm thine for ever,  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
 And break it shall I never !

No. 105. *Forlorn my love, no comfort near.*Tune : *Let me in this ae night* (see No. 159).

FORLORN my love, no comfort near,  
 Far, far from thee I wander here ;  
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe,  
 At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS. *O, wert thou, love, but near me,  
 But near, near, near me,  
 How kindly thou would'st cheer me,  
 And mingle sighs with mine, love !*

Around me scowls a wintry sky,  
 Blasting each bud of hope and joy,  
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I  
 Save in these arms of thine, love.

Cold, alter'd friends, with cruel art,  
 Poisoning fell misfortune's dart—  
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,  
 And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,  
 O, let me think we yet shall meet ;  
 That only ray of solace sweet  
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.



No. 106. *Now haply down yon gay green shaw.*Tune: *I'll gae nae mair to yon town* (see No. 99).

CHORUS. *O, wat ye wha's in yon town,  
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?  
The dearest maid's in yon town  
That e'enin sun is shining on!*

Now haply down yon gay green shaw  
She wanders by yon spreading tree;  
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,  
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,  
And welcome in the blooming year!  
And doubly welcome be the spring,  
The season to my Jeanie dear!

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,  
Among the broomy braes sae green;  
But my delight in yon town,  
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

Without my Love, not a' the charms  
O' Paradise could yield me joy;  
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,  
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

My cave wad be a lover's bower,  
Tho' raging winter rent the air,  
And she a lovely little flower,  
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, sweet is she in yon town  
The sinkin sun's gane down upon!  
A fairer than's in yon town  
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,  
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear;  
I'd careless quit aught else below,  
But spare, O, spare me Jeanie dear!

For, while life's dearest blood is warm,  
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,  
And she, as fairest is her form,  
She has the truest, kindest heart.

No. 107. *It was the charming month of May.*Tune: *Dainty Davie* (see *infra*).

CHORUS. *Lovely was she by the dawn,  
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,  
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,  
The youthful, charming Chloe.*

It was the charming month of May,  
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,  
One morning, by the break of day,  
The youthful, charming Chloe,  
From peaceful slumber she arose,  
Girt on her mantle and her hose,  
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes—  
The youthful, charming Chloe—

The feather'd people you might see  
Perch'd all around on every tree!  
In notes of sweetest melody  
They hail the charming Chloe  
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,  
The glorious sun began to rise,  
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes  
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

No. 108. *Let not woman e'er complain.*Tune: *Duncan Gray* (see No. 173).

LET not woman e'er complain  
Of inconstancy in love;  
Let not woman e'er complain,  
Fickle man is apt to rove:  
Look abroad through Nature's range,  
Nature's mighty law is change;  
Ladies, would it not be strange  
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,  
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow.  
Sun and moon but set to rise;  
Round and round the seasons go.  
Why, then, ask of silly man  
To oppose great Nature's plan?  
We'll be constant while we can—  
You can be no more, you know.

No. 109. *Where are the joys I hae met in  
the morning.*

Tune : *Saw ye my father?* Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 76.

*Slow and pointed*

Where are the joys I hae met in the morning, That danc'd  
to the lark's ear-ly sang? Where is the peace that a - wait -  
ed my wand'-ring At e'en - ing the wild woods a - mang?

WHERE are the joys I hae met in the morning,  
That danc'd to the lark's early sang?  
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring  
At e'ening the wild woods amang?

Nae mair a-winding the course o' yon river  
And marking sweet flow'rets sae fair,  
Nae mair I trace the light footsteps o' pleasure,  
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our vallies,  
And grim, surly Winter is near?  
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses  
Proclaim it the pride o' the year!

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,  
Yet lang, lang, too well hae I known:  
A' that has caused the wreck in my bosom,  
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,  
Not Hope dare a comfort bestow:  
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,  
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

